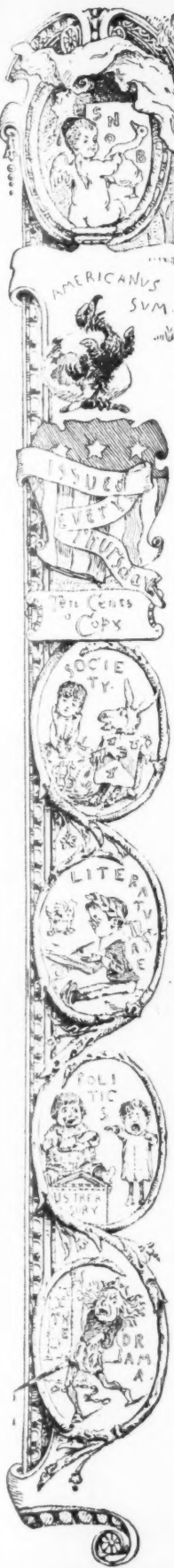


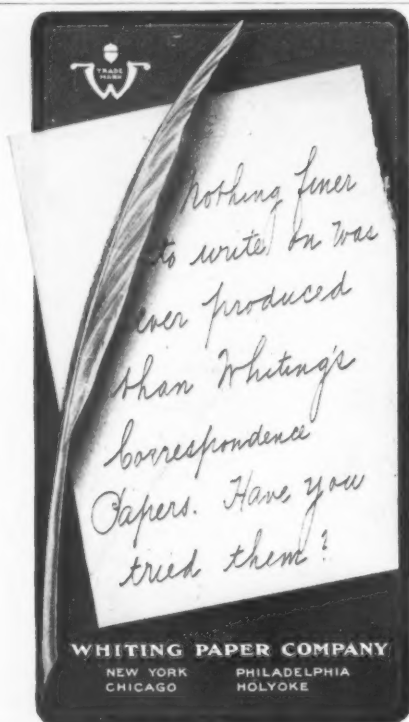
Entered at the New York Post Office as Second Class Mail Matter.
Copyright, 1903, by LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Miss C. C.



He: DARLING, I DON'T KNOW THAT I OUGHT TO TELL YOU HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU.
"OH, DON'T! JUST TELL ME HOW MUCH YOU THINK YOU DO."





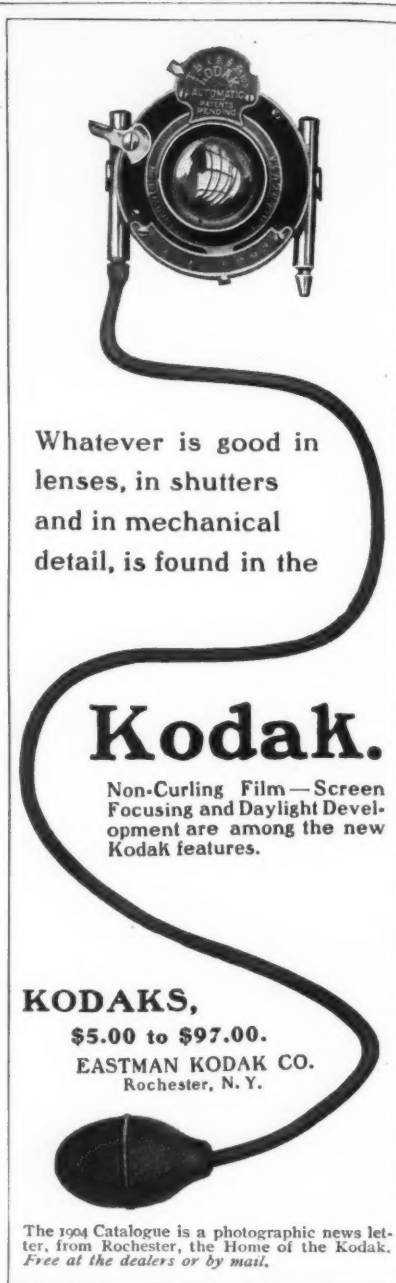
Nothing finer
to write on has
ever produced
than Whiting's
Correspondence
Papers. Have you
tried them?

WHITING PAPER COMPANY
NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA
CHICAGO HOLYOKE



A DAINTY PACKAGE FREE
Send us your name and we'll send you free a sample of CAILLER'S GENUINE SWISS MILK CHOCOLATE for eating. A year ago almost unknown to Americans; now the most popular milk chocolate throughout the country.

Cailler's Genuine Swiss Milk Chocolate
is made in a model factory situated in Broc, Gruyere Valley, the richest milk section in Switzerland.
In powder for drinking, Cailler's is the most delightful beverage you ever tasted in the way of Cocoa or Chocolate. Nourishing, wholesome and delicious. You will find it superior by far to any chocolate you have ever used.
CAILLER'S is sold everywhere by fancy grocers, druggists and confectioners.
For samples, address
J. H. FREYMAN
General Agent for U. S. A.
861 BROADWAY NEW YORK
F. L. Cailler's, Ltd., Est. in Vevey, Switzerland, 1879



Whatever is good in lenses, in shutters and in mechanical detail, is found in the

Kodak.
Non-Curling Film—Screen Focusing and Daylight Development are among the new Kodak features.

KODAKS,
\$5.00 to \$97.00.
EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

The 1904 Catalogue is a photographic news letter, from Rochester, the Home of the Kodak. Free at the dealers or by mail.



Williams' Shaving Stick
signifies—Perfection.
Williams' Shaving Sticks, Shaving Tablets, Toilet Waters, Talcum Powder, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, etc., sold everywhere
Write for booklet "How to Shave"
THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.
GLASTONBURY, CONN.

SOUTHERN WOMEN
In New York Buy The
SOUTHERN CORN MEAL
known as "Dunlop" White Virginia water-ground meal, slowly ground on stones, soft as flour, not kiln-dried. Northern yellow meal is roller-ground, hard, sand-like, kiln-dried and is unfit for Corn-pone, Hoe-cake, Batter-cake, Ash-cake, Egg-bread, Griddle-cake, Samp or Cracklin-bread. For \$1.00 (registered) we will deliver to any address in New York, Brooklyn, etc., a 30-lb. bag of "Dunlop" meal, with cooking directions. From millstones to your kitchen in 48 hours.
THE DUNLOP MILLS
Dept. G, Richmond, Va.

The Rational Vehicles of Health and Pleasure

Bicycles
Equipped with
Two-Speed Gear
and
Coaster Brake
The return of bicycling finds our American roads greatly improved and the bicycle itself perfected in design and construction and equipped with new and marvelous devices.
To learn all about modern bicycles, get catalogues free from our 10,000 dealers, or send stamp for any one of them.
Pope Manufacturing Co.
EASTERN DEPARTMENT Hartford, Conn. WESTERN DEPARTMENT Chicago, Ill.
"Columbia" "Cleveland" "Ramblers" "Mosaarch"
"Tribune" "Crawford" "Crescent" "Imperial"

You See Them Everywhere

Jaeger
POROUS UNDERWEAR
Half the enjoyment of summer-time is lost to many through overheating and excessive perspiration. From these follow half the ills. Light-weight "Jaeger" protects against both. Keeps body dry and cool.
No Vacation Outfit Complete Without Them.
Booklets and Samples Free.
Dr. Jaeger Co.'s Own Stores:
New York: { 306 Fifth Ave.
 { 157 Broadway.
Brooklyn: 504 Fulton St.
Boston: 230-232 Boylston St.
Philadelphia: 1510 Chestnut St.
Chicago: 82 State St.
Agents in all Principal Cities.

THE SWELL ENGLISH LONG POINT.
BELFAST BRAND
Surrey
25¢ EACH
SCARF SLIDES EASILY-SEE?
ASK YOUR DEALER
EMIGH & STRAUB, MAKERS

LIFE



Copyright 1964 by Life Publishing Co.

A RESOLVE.

Cousin Kate: NOW THAT YOU ARE WELL OFF, CHARLES, YOU MUSTN'T LET THEM SAY OF YOU "A FOOL AND HIS MONEY ARE SOON PARTED."

Cousin Charles: NO, YOU BET I WON'T. I'LL SHOW 'EM THAT I'M AN EXCEPTION TO THE RULE.

Speech.

CONGRESS, covering a scant six thousand one hundred and fifty-five pages of the *Record* with its debates, during the last session, a matter of two thousand pages fewer than the average of former sessions, gives the sober-minded pause.

Is not the neglect of free speech fraught with even greater danger than the denial thereof?

Certain it is, that where legislatures are not talking, they are pretty likely to be legislating.

Arabian Nights.

"TO-MORROW," said Scheherezade, "we shall journey in mind across many seas to the beautiful city of St. Louis.

"The title of our story shall be 'Ali Baba and the Forty Hotel Keepers.'"



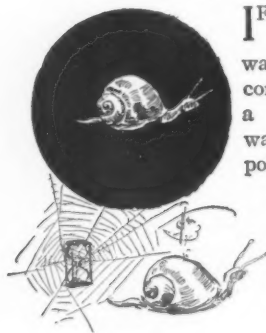
"While there is Life there's Hope."
VOL. XLIII. JUNE 23, 1904. No. 1180.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope.

The illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted, and are not to be reproduced.

Prompt notification should be sent by subscribers of any change of address.



IF Senator Quay had been as good as he was able, he might have come pretty near being a great man. As it was, he was a great political boss. One significant measure of his strength as a politician appears in the list of notorious misdeeds that he survived. Only a very remarkable man could, even in Pennsylvania, have kept control of the ruling party in a great State in the face of such a record as his. Of course, he was not all ogre; indeed, there was very little ogre about him. Good men liked him in spite of his political transgressions. He was extremely popular in the Senate, exceedingly agreeable as a companion, a man of delightful human qualities, of all kinds of courage, indomitable, resourceful, faithful, we presume, to the requirements of a bad code of honor. It is a great pity that such rare qualities of leadership should not have been geared to a better outfit of moral principles. It is another pity that a man with such an outfit of moral principles should have been able to make his leadership so widely and irresistibly dominant. He did great harm to a great State, though, of course, Pennsylvania was no nursery of political saints when he began with it. Indeed, it must always be a question in such States how far political conditions corrupt politicians, and how far wicked politicians make politics corrupt. Attorney-General Knox is to succeed Mr.

Quay in the Senate. He is a man of first-rate reputation, and if he falls heir to Quay's power, as well as his place, we shall doubtless see an earnest attempt to make the Pennsylvania thistles grow figs.



IT is estimated that within the three weeks following May 1st, over twenty-five hundred clerks were dismissed from stock-brokers' and other offices in the Wall Street district. The times are much out of joint in Wall Street. The public will not buy stocks, and the brokers who try to live off one another find the diet lean. We are sorry for our brethren of the Stock Exchange. In the course of time they will have other seasons of harvest, for the hope of getting something for nothing can never be permanently extinguished in the human breast. But meanwhile it goes pretty hard with them, and some of them are even going without some things that they would like to have. Let us hope that their philosophy is equal to the strain, and that they may even glean some spiritual profit from adversity.



WE notice that one of the organs of their district, the *Wall Street Journal*, is improving its opportunity by offering some excellent moral reflections on the conduct of Wall Street life. Discouraging recently on the text, "business is business," it attributed the present sorrows of the congregation of brokers to the recent undue prevalence of the mistaken idea that the first and only law in business is to succeed, and that when success cannot be won, and profit made, legally and honestly, it must be won by whatever means are necessary. It is because so much business has been done on this principle, declares the *Journal*, that trade is dull, and that investors have been scared out of the security market. The essence of the phrase, "business is business," it

finds to be violation of the law, and it holds the application of the principle so expressed responsible for lowering the tone of commercial transactions. It rejoices to observe that the painful fruits of sin are arousing business men to "the fatal error of conducting business on the principle that it is a law unto itself, and can do what it pleases regardless of moral or legal considerations." This is good hard-times talk. Saul among the prophets is a credit to the squad.



BY the time this issue of LIFE reaches its readers President Roosevelt will have been renominated, and we shall know whether or not Speaker Cannon has been able to escape from the ticket. We hope he may; not because any man is too good to be Vice-President, but because some other good man can be better spared to that duty than Uncle Joe.

Among the Democrats the leading candidate is still Judge Parker, and there are those who believe he will be nominated on the first ballot. Whether he is, or not, it is pretty certain that the Democrats will put two men on their ticket whom all the sane Democrats can vote for without taking anæsthetics. That will be a great achievement. With good candidates all around, and some choice in policies, we shall have an instructive campaign.

As for the issues, the main one is Roosevelt. There is no doubt about his general popularity. There are far more Democrats who like him very much than there are Republicans who dislike, or distrust, him; but the Democrats who like him won't vote for him unless they are dissatisfied with their own candidate, whereas the Republicans who distrust him may go in considerable strength for the Democratic candidate if he suits them. Cleveland, if he ran, would strongly attract the conservative Republicans and strongly repel the radical Democrats. The Democratic problem is to find the man and the platform that can beat the Rough Rider candidate in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Illinois.

Its Fate.

WILLIE had a little boom;
'Twas yellow, not like snow.
But everywhere that Willie went
The boomlet wouldn't go.

N. J.

NEW JERSEY is said to be the only foreign country within the borders of the United States. It is connected with New York at long intervals by the Hoboken Ferry Company, whose Noah's arks ply industriously across the loud lapse of waters that lie between.

Also, the Pennsylvania Railroad has electric plants with movable paddle-wheels that are constantly relieving people temporarily placed in Jersey City from the pressure of staying there all the time.

New Jersey suffers from Hoboken, Newark and Paterson. It raises trusts, eggs and personal taxes, and is the lurking place of the road-ridden commuter.

Early in the morning, flocks of Jersey commuters can be seen rising from their nests in Jersey and flying east, darkening the sky by their great numbers. At night they hurry home again, having snatched from the Metropolis almost enough ready cash to pay for their daily bread.

The Passaic River also runs through New Jersey, stopping only for garbage at all points east of the Kill von Kull. On the banks of the Passaic, able-bodied mosquitoes can be seen rearing their young, disciplining their troops, and practising with their javelins for the spring campaign, which begins in April and lasts until about one week before Thanksgiving.

New Jersey is also afflicted by the Erie Railroad, whose cars are carried back and forth over the system every day by willing passengers. The Erie is one of the few railroads in the world that does not depend upon its tracks to run on. From Weehawken to Greenwood Lake, over the Erie, the walking is fairly good, and no man with a pair of good stout legs, and a brave and manly heart, need fear the trip.

New Jersey is peopled by householders, and tradespeople who prey upon them. The morning after a man arrives in New Jersey, all the grocers in the State assemble before his door and fight over his prostrate form. Having selected the worst one of the whole lot, he settles back into a life of regret and unpaid bills.

To visit New Jersey in summer, take along a diving suit and a keg of chloroform. In winter, a pair of snowshoes, a family physician and a boundless courage.

NEW YORK may now be divided into the part where you can smell automobiles and the part where you cannot.



Voices from Above: YOU'RE TOO MUCH FOR US ON LAND AND SEA, BUT JUST WAIT UNTIL WE GET YOU UP IN THE AIR.

Scenes from Shakespeare.



SHAKESPEAREAN actors pay a graceful compliment to the intelligence of the public by assuming the text of the plays to be so familiar as hardly to need reproduction. They cut away the foundations, and all connecting links, and present an airy superstructure, standing upon nothing at all, and representing nothing in particular. If people

know what should have come before, and what should come between, well and good; if not, they are at liberty to go home, read the play, and find out what it was all about.

Shakespeare, in common with other playwrights, started a drama on its way by opening up a situation, which he afterwards developed to a climax. He did not do this on the massive scale of Victor Hugo, whose introductions embrace a course of history, philosophy, and metaphysics; but he explained coherently in "As You Like It" why all the characters have gone to the Forest of Arden, before he showed us what they did there; he explained coherently in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" why the quartette of lovers have fled to the Grecian woods, before he showed us the strange mishaps which befell them. A continuity of purpose makes clear to our perceptions the shifting scenes portrayed.

Mr. Greet's company, in its open-air reproductions of Shakespeare's comedies on the grounds of the University of Pennsylvania, took the bold step of eliminating all these lucid explanations. No matter how *Rosalind* got to Arden. No matter why she went. There she was, and there were *Celia* and *Orlando*. The courtship could begin. No matter why *Lysander* and *Hermia*, *Demetrius* and *Helena* were all roaming at midnight,

"a league without the town."

There they were, to their own discomfort, and to the manifest bewilderment of at least part of the audience. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" had never seemed more dream-like. It had all the peculiar inconsequence of a vision. The lovers had apparently dropped down from the skies into this unlikely spot. No motive was assigned for their inexplicable behavior. They ran on and off the stage, pursued one another, escaped from one another, went to sleep singly and in pairs, and entangled themselves in the meshes of a meaningless comedy. The fairies, being played by inaudible children, added to the scene of confusion. The mental attitude of the lookers-on was well defined by one perplexed old gentleman, who asked sadly if anyone knew "what was the matter"? It was evident he had failed to find out.

Mr. Greet assumes that the public knows its Shakespeare; that it has read the plays, and remembers them. But he also claims to give us the Elizabethan drama. The Elizabethans did not know their Shakespeare. They would never have found out "what was the matter," had they seen "A Midsummer Night's Dream" as the Philadelphians saw it this spring.

Agnes Repplier.

Our Fresh-Air Fund.

Previously acknowledged.....\$3,853.36
W. H. Pratt.....1.04
East Orange, N. J.....8.00
\$3,862.40

A Letter from Old Friends.

REV. U. O. MOHR, Manager, LIFE's Farm, Branchville, Conn.

Dear Sir: We are enclosing herewith bill of lading, covering shipment of three barrels of "Brownsville Water Crackers," the first of our annual contribution to the children who visit LIFE's Farm.

We trust that they will enjoy eating them with as much pleasure as it gives us, each year, to be allowed to help this little bit.

Yours very truly,

Chatland & Lenhart.

Dictated—Wm. L. Lenhart.

P. S.—Kindly advise us when to make shipments.

BROWNVILLE, PA., June 3, 1904.

Astonishment.

AS the child who had never been out of the city limits looked in astonishment out of the car window as the train sped into the suburbs, he exclaimed:

"What a large park!"



"ANTONIO, TAKE THIS CLAY MODEL OVER TO MR. BILLSON. HE WANTS TO SEE IT."



AND THEN THE RAIN CAME ON—



AND ON — AND ON —



"MR. BILLSON, HERE'S YOUR BUST."

The Great S. F. M. O. P. B.

"THE Society for Minding Other People's Business" is the oldest and greatest in the world. It is supposed to have come into existence with Eve, and has increased as rapidly as the population. Its only initiation fee is the expense of being born. Only one woman is said to have never belonged to it, and she was deaf, dumb, blind and paralyzed.

Two members constitute a quorum, and meetings are held every minute of the daily twenty-four hours, there being no recess or vacation season.

The principal objects of the Society are:

- I. To ruin reputations.
- II. For members to tell other members more of their affairs than they know themselves. The discoveries of the Society in this direction exceed any other line of research.
- III. To promote ill-temper, general discomfort, murder and divorce, and rob death of its terrors.
- IV. To prove to you that, no matter how you do a thing,

you don't do it right; and that, if you did it right, you'd be doing it wrong.

V. That, generally speaking, you are an Ar idiot, have no idea of what is good for you, are frightfully ignorant of your own affairs, and sadly in need of some of your Adviser's Wisdom.

The mottoes of the Society are "I Am!" and "Butt In!"

Old members state that since the discovery of Yellow Journalism and the Modern Reporter, the burdens of membership have vastly increased, but so have its pleasures, and it never has been in a more flourishing condition.

Henry Waldorf Francis.

Going Abroad for Rest and Quiet.

FIRST DAY OUT.—Befogged inside the Narrows. Fog-horn and siren going unceasingly. Passengers aroused at midnight by detectives looking for absconding bank president. In collision with incoming steamship at 5 A.M. Panic among passengers, but no damage done. Finally passed Sandy Hook fifteen hours late.

SECOND DAY OUT.—Severe storm. Fat lady thrown across saloon and three ribs broken. Twins born in steerage. First issue of ship's daily newspaper. Sensational fall in stocks. Discovery of two stowaways smothered in hold. Fog-horn going at intervals.

THIRD DAY OUT.—Narrow escape from collision with iceberg. Storm abating. Second issue of daily newspaper. Further fall in stocks. Passengers insisting upon sending orders to brokers by wireless. Excitement upon learning that transmitter will not carry so far. Stout man with red face particularly violent. Poker game started.

FOURTH DAY OUT.—Perfect weather. Thirteen small boys appear on deck. Maiden lady nervous and talkative. Efforts to organize concert for families of stowaways.



COMMUNING WITH THE DEMOCRATIC JACKASS.

False alarm of "Man overboard!" but otherwise comparative quiet.

FIFTH DAY OUT.—Somewhat rougher. Small boy taken from rigging amid great excitement. Report of small-pox among steerage passengers, but confidence quickly restored. Fourth issue of daily newspaper. In touch with English coast. Further sensational fall of stocks. Stout man with red face threatens life of operator unless he sends order to his broker. Stakes in poker game rising.

SIXTH DAY OUT.—Foggy weather. General apathy among passengers. Stoker commits suicide by jumping overboard. Fifth issue of daily newspaper. Further slump in stocks. Stout man with red face becomes dangerous, and is put into strait-jacket. General mix-up in smoking-room on discovery of cheating at cards. Concert in evening is interrupted by breaking of shaft. General stampede for the deck, and two children are trampled on. Under way again at midnight.

SEVENTH DAY.—Reach Southampton in time to catch steamer returning to America. Stout man with red face is transferred to asylum.

William Wallace Whitelock.

The Restlessness of Hortense.

HORTENSE, the young wife, having lived with her husband a year in New York, naturally grew restless.

On the other hand, it being extremely unnatural for Hortense to live in the country, where all she could do was to steal away her neighbors' servants, borrow their food and talk about them behind their backs, there seemed no help for it.

"Could I find," said Hortense, "sufficient solace in bargain counters to satisfy the cravings of my high-strung and delicately sensitive temperament, I could even bear to live with a mere clerk, who, though good enough in his way, yet lacks those finer feelings that make it impossible for him to enter into my soul longings. Yet to see around me women who are so much better gowned than I, maddens me."

Edward, Hortense's husband, observed her restlessness with dismay.

"Could you but name," said Edward, "the one thing that would make you

happy, I will devote my best efforts to supply it."

"Money," replied Hortense; "but I have no doubt, my dear Edward," she added, with a cruel gleam, "that you will be able to fulfill all my wishes, for, at the end of another year, is there not a fine prospect of your getting two dollars a week more?"

Edward did not quite understand.

"Doubtless," he said to himself, "the sight of so much luxury constantly before her eyes is turning the head of my adored Hortense."

And being dull and commonplace, with little sense of satire, he redoubled his loving care and thoughtful attentions, once even stopping on the street and buying Hortense a half bunch of violets.

Hortense sighed.

"They are too small for the real thing," she said. "My dear Edward, will you never be somebody? Able men all around you are acquiring vast wealth so extremely easy."

At this Edward began to brood.

"With money as my rival," he said, "how can I compete? But there must be some way."

Edward found the way by and by, being cashier and buying stocks on a margin.

Hortense was delighted.

"How I respect you," she said admiringly.

* * *

SOME time later, out of the goodness of her heart, she visited Edward in jail, and brought fresh flowers.

Edward seemed sad.

"I could stand the disgrace," he muttered, "did I but know you were happy."

Hortense, on the other hand, was gay.

"I am happy," she said, fingering lovingly her new chatelaine.

"Have I not found my real affinity?" she added, aside.

Tom Masson.

For Students of Russian Politics.

THERE are two awful lions in the path that leads to familiarity with the situation in Russia. They are Pobyedonostseff and Bezobrazoff. One has to know these two names, and be



THE AUTO OWL.

I'M A WISE OLD BIRD, SO THE CRITICS SAY.
BUT WHEN I'M OFF ON A TOOT
WITH GOGGLY EYES,
I'M NOT SO WISE.
TO WIT: I'M A BIT OF A BRUTE.

able to speak them fairly glibly, before he can get ahead any, or hope to do himself credit in talking Russian politics. Bezobrazoff is merely the promoter and expansionist whose influence was highly important in fooling the Czar, and fixing upon the Russian Government the Far Eastern policy which, so far, has proved so disastrous. The worst lion is Pobyedonostseff. His name is preposterous, but there is no avoiding it. It must be learned. He is the ruling spirit of the Russian Church, who looks like an old-time New England Calvinist minister, and behaves like Torquemada. He is a thoroughly old-fashioned person, and disbelieves sincerely and effectively in newspapers, free speech, democracy, votes, popular education, and all the modern ideas. He believes in having the Czar govern Russia absolutely, and in having the Russian Church govern the Czar. And, of course, he—Pobyedonostseff—is to govern the Russian Church. Pob. is an accomplished, and, without doubt, a conscientious person, who believes absolutely what he does believe, though, according to our ideas, he is immeasurably narrow-minded. When he goes on the shelf with Pleyve and the rest of his group, Russia will begin to have a chance. If the Japanese hit Russia hard enough to shake Pobyedonostseff off his perch, the Russian people will be gainers by the war.

Keep an eye on Pob., and when he goes, rejoice. Meanwhile, learn his name in full. It is indispensable.



A Girl.

<p>IF you want to make a winner of a modern magazine, Get the picture of a girl; Let it show upon the cover, done in purple, pink and green— Just the picture of a girl. Get a poem by somebody, with a limpid sort of rhyme, And a sentiment that borders on the tenderly sublime, But be sure that when you print it there goes with it every time Just the picture of a girl.</p>	<p>Get an article that touches on the doings of the courts, With the picture of a girl; And some other stuff on golf and bridge or any other sports, With the picture of a girl. Let another poem follow—possibly a triole, Or a sonnet, or a ballad, but be sure with it you get This important decoration ere the type for it is set— Just the picture of a girl.</p>
---	---

Get some stories—say a short one, with the action laid in France,
And the picture of a girl;
And perhaps a tale that tingles with historical romance—
And the picture of a girl.
If a serial is needed, see that each installment goes
With a picture labeled "Helen," "Molly,"
"Gladys," "Jane" or "Rose";
With the anecdotes and jingles, little paragraphs and *mots*,
Use the picture of a girl.
So, in short, to make a seller of a modern magazine,
Get the picture of a girl;
Never let an advertisement in your magazine be seen
With no picture of a girl.
If you're ever overcrowded, cut the verse and stories out,
And omit the other matter if you have the slightest doubt,
But be sure your every issue, if you know what you're about,
Has the picture of a girl.

Wilbur D. Nesbit.

CUSTOM HOUSE OFFICER :
Madam, have you anything dutiable to declare?

MADAM: No, my trunk contains simply wearing apparel.

OFFICER (*after examination of said trunk*): What do you call these six bottles of whiskey?

MADAM: Oh, those are night-caps.

Prepared.

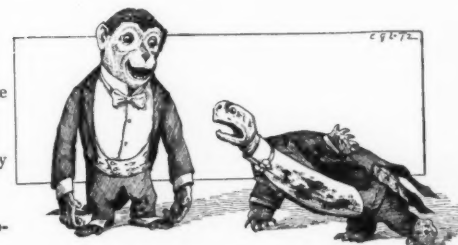
"**B**EDAD, the nixt automobobolist who runs over me will be sorry for it, Oi'll bet yez."

"Why?"

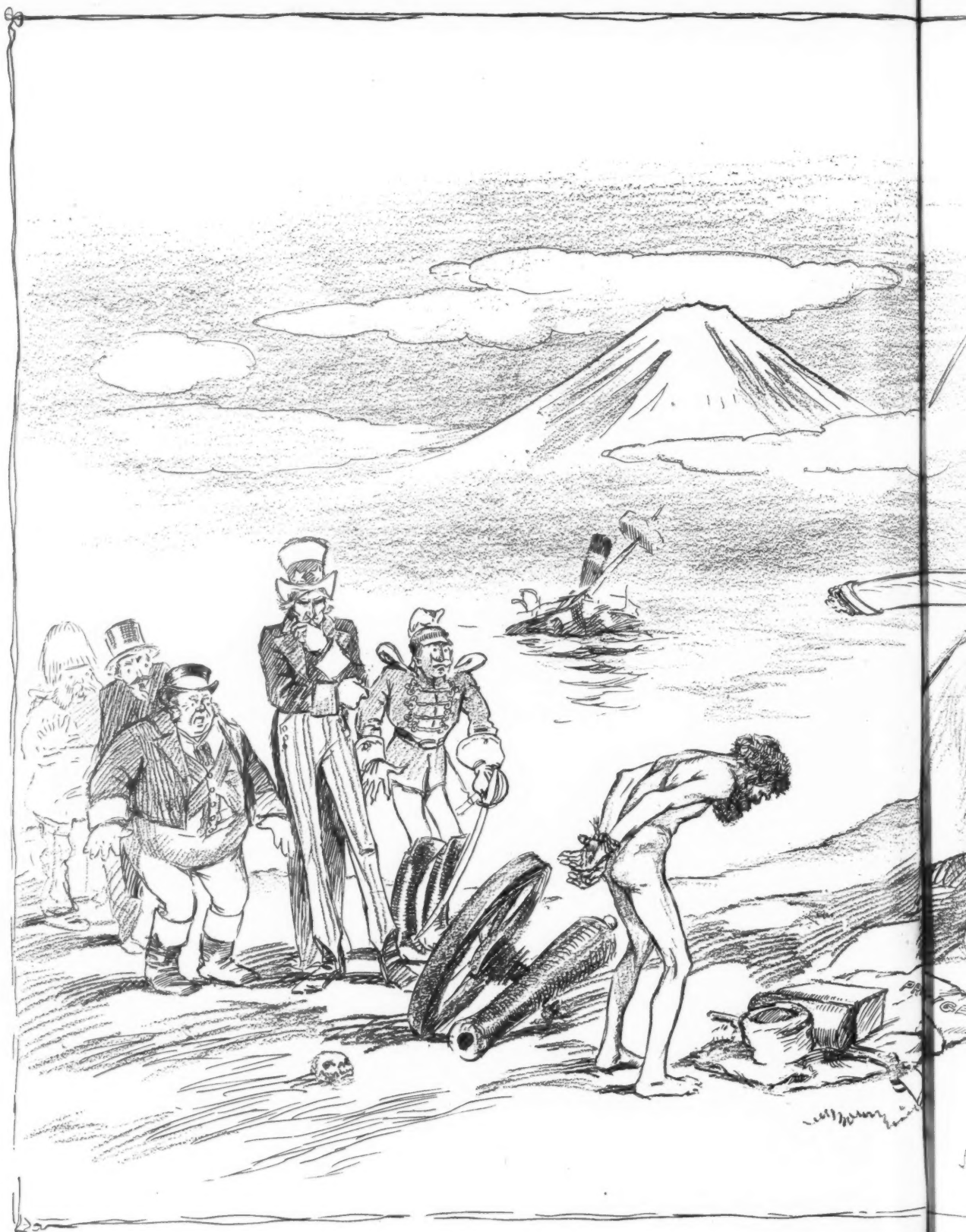
"Oi've a can av nitroglycerin in ivery pocket."

"**M**RS. WHIPPLE believes in the modern educational theory, does she?"

"Well, she took a nine months' baby out to see the St. Louis Exposition."

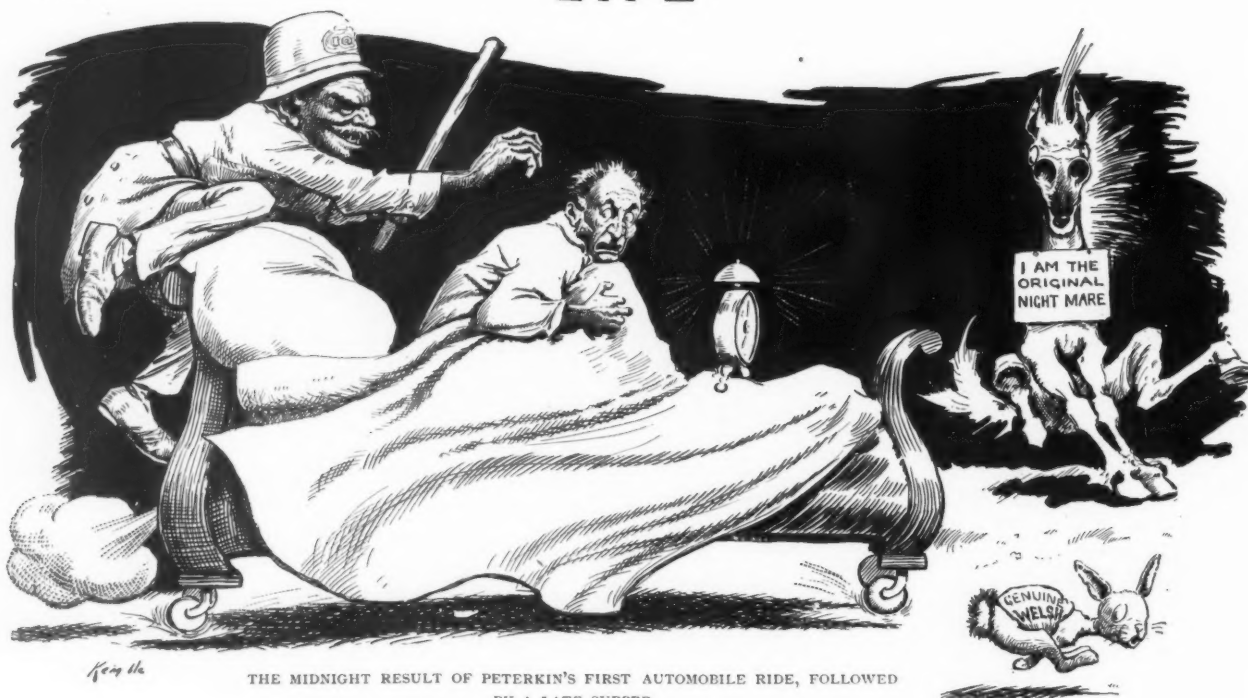


Tortoise: DON'T YOU THINK, MR. MONK, THEY OUGHT TO KEEP THEIR FLOORS CLEANER? I CAN'T WEAR A FULL-DRESS SHIRT FIFTEEN MINUTES WITHOUT GETTING IT SOILED.





THE MORNING.
THAT WOULD DESTROY THE BIGGEST EUROPEAN POWER!



THE MIDNIGHT RESULT OF PETERKIN'S FIRST AUTOMOBILE RIDE, FOLLOWED BY A LATE SUPPER.

The Young Author and His House Party.



YOUNG AUTHOR conceived the idea of getting the real opinions of his friends concerning his latest work before committing it to print. So he gave a house party, to which he invited a Butcher, a Baker, a Maker of Candlesticks, a Soldier, a Sailor, a Lawyer, a Doctor and a Priest. He supplied his guests with blue pencils, and then turned them loose upon his neatly typewritten manuscript.

"Mark out whatever you don't like," he said. "Be as free as you like about it, for there are more blue pencils in the house."

The Young Author was well-to-do and set a good table, so the guests took their time to it. In the course of a few days, however, the Author got back his manuscript. There wasn't anything left of the text but some introductory phrases and a lot of conjunctions. It was about the most thoroughly expurgated work in the annals of literature. Its law, its theology, and its medicine had fallen under the ban of experts, and when the Soldier and Sailor, respectively, got through with the hero's military campaign in Colomzuela, and his voyage home (during which he met the heroine), these episodes were, to quote the Soldier, "all shot to pieces." There was a slap at Christian Science, which the Candlemaker didn't like, and the Butcher and the Baker each took a fall out of what was left. In short, when they were all quite through, the MS. looked like a new reporter's police court copy on election night.

The Young Author did not look so blue as might have been expected under the circumstances. Indeed, con-

sidering the circumstances, he appeared actually cheerful.

"My friends," he said, "you have done your work thoroughly, and I thank you. Let us have some refreshment, and then we will talk further of this matter."

This proved to be the preface to an elaborate banquet. With the coffee and cigars were served some peculiar looking articles, which, the Author explained, were erasers of a new kind particularly adapted to blue pencil marks. He said he had found them useful when a poem came back, marked "348a5y" just northeast of the title. Then he started the manuscript around again.

"I can't think that it's all bad," he said. "Just run over it again, please, and mark in what you like. Be perfectly reckless about it, for there are more erasers about here somewhere."

When the manuscript had made the rounds, some hours later, there wasn't a spot on it, except where the typewritiste had straightened the paper after monkeying with the ink ribbon. The Doctor had thought the attack on Christian Science was just the thing; the Lawyer had believed there was a good deal of common sense in the religious portions; the Preacher had had a notion that the account of the trial was all right, because Vice, in the person of the villain, got the worst of it, and the Soldier and Sailor had changed goals, the last half, on the South American and marine incidents. And the Butcher had carefully restored the love scenes, because, he said, they were Good Stuff.

The Author published the book, and three editions were sold in five days.

We should learn from this story that many men have no minds; that what is one's stale beer is another's champagne, and that it is an ill-told tale that doesn't make good with somebody.

Frank Preston Smart.



"THE ONLY PEBBLE ON THE BEACH."

The Penitent Harvard Grad.

The "Harvard Crimson" says that there is a feeling in Cambridge that the cheering at the Harvard game at Princeton was largely responsible for Princeton's victory, and that this is not fair sport.—Daily Paper.

IT was an ancient Harvard Grad,
And he stoppeth one of three;
"By thy broad A and glassy stare,
Now wherefore stoppest thou me?"
"My son, they are playing a baseball game;
I can see them going in;
And eke with my prophetic ear
I can hear the rooters' din."
"Why shudderest thou, good Harvard Grad,
What ill doth a cheer import?"
"Ha' done! ha' done!" cried the Grad;
"My son,
To cheer is not fair sport."
"Why do I wear this ill-kempt robe
And these visible marks of shame?
My son, my son, I have evil done;
I have cheered at a baseball game."
"Three bases lay fair to the summer sky!
(The fielders were clad in blue);
On each base there stood one of Harvard's
sons;
And the Umpire said, 'Strike two!'
"At the bat the Harvard Captain stood;
Two out, nor an inning more;
And it looked as though Yale should that
day prevail,
For the score stood six to four."
"But across the plate the ball flew straight,
And the Captain swung his bat,—
One crashing blow, and all gazed afar
To see where the ball was at."
"It flew o'er the infield, and out to left;
For a moment 'twas lost to sight;
And the Harvard Captain tore down to first.
Ye Gods! 'twas a thrilling sight!"
"The man on third came tearing in,
And the man on second scored;
The man on first swept around and home,
Like an angel of the Lord!"

"God save thee! gentle Harvard Grad!
Why dost thou drop thy jaw?"
"Alas! alas! to my endless shame,
I ejaculated 'Rah!'"
"My fellow-grads turned, as in sudden pain;
'Pray, tell, who is that rude lout?
Sure, none of us; what does he here,
With his low and vulgar shout?'"
"They have stricken my name from off the
Club,
To avenge the tribal shame;
They have bidden the gateman bar me out
When I fain would attend a game."
"They have passed a stringent rule for all;—
Thou mayest read it enacted here:
'If a player knock a home-run, let each
Withdraw to his room to cheer;
'Or, at most, let him write upon his cuff:
'I have seen and approve the play,'"

That never again may such shame be
wrought
As was done by me that day."

The old Grad sat him on Deadhead Hill
And arrested a furtive tear,
As he watched the Harvard crowd formulate
A constructive or mental cheer.

M'Cready Sykes.

No Comparison.

ISAACSTEIN: This Indian "Ma-
batma," Cohen, can make his
heart shtob beating for fife sec-
onds!

COHEN: I haff him skinned to
death ot his own game. Vy, effery
time I bet two dollars on a horse,
my heart shtobs beating till after der
race!



THIS YOUNG COUPLE ARE 'MOST HAPPY, BUT SOMETHING WILL SOON OCCUR THAT WILL GREATLY MAR THEIR HAPPINESS. CAN YOU GUESS WHAT IT IS?



THERE are few things more elusive than what, for want of a better name, one may call territorial personality. Descriptions are impotent and statistics deadly. Only a loving understanding, a touch of the poet and the artist's instinct for omission can give us the spirit of a strange land. That Mary Austin possesses these is amply proved by her delightful interpretation of the forbidding wastes of our Southwestern deserts in *The Land of Little Rain*.

The superlative degree of romance, founded upon the adventures of an Anglo-Saxon hero at a Continental court, is reached in Gertrude Atherton's *Rulers of Kings*. Mrs. Atherton's hero is an American multi-billionaire—the ultimate capstone of the financial pyramid now in process of building. The story deals with this hero's love for a daughter of the Hapsburgs and his contest for world dominion with the German Emperor. The book is brilliantly impossible, entertaining in the reading and sparkless ashes in the retrospect.

The New England coast has been so thoroughly exploited in American fiction that it seems odd the Jersey shore has received such small consideration from students of local types. Margery Williams has caught the likeness of the pine-barren end of Monmouth County in *The Price of Youth*, and at the same time has told a story of wide, if not exalted, human interest, and told it with considerable art. It is, however, necessary to warn the possessors of an insistent sweet tooth in matters literary that this is not a "lived happy ever after" novel.

The stories by Frances Aymar Mathews, included in *A Little Tragedy at Tien-Tsin*, range in time from the last stroke of the present to the days of Louis XIII., and, starting in China, circle the globe in both directions. In these days of specialists this is a wide field. It is not, therefore, surprising to find that, while some of them are really excellent stories, there is a globe-trotting superficiality about their local color.

One of the best of the current stories founded upon money worship and the financial phenomena of the day is David Graham Phillips's novel, *The Cost*. It is one of the best, because it is an attempt to be honestly realistic and not a bid for popularity through sensationalism. It boasts neither literary distinction nor any interpretation of character likely to live in the memory, but it holds the interest and it sketches some scenes with power and truth.

A change seems to be coming over the

spirit of the popular literary dream of a "return to nature," and a dash of workaday reality is infusing itself into the optimism of the ideal. *The House in the Woods*, Arthur Henry's account of a search for the simple life in a Catskill valley, resulting in the finding of a somewhat complex and strenuous happiness, illustrates this new tendency. The work bears the unmistakable stamp of a record, and the gradual shifting of the settler's interest from the scenery to the human environment is most suggestive.

The Romance of Piscator, by H. W. Lanier, as indeed the title is meant to imply, is a pleasant mingling of fishing for fishes and for other things. It is a summer book for anglers to nibble at between nibbles.

J. B. Kerfoot.

The Land of Little Rain. By Mary Austin. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$2.00.)

Rulers of Kings. By Gertrude Atherton. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

The Price of Youth. By Margery Williams. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

A Little Tragedy at Tien-Tsin. By Frances Aymar Mathews. (Robert Grier Cooke.)

The Cost. By David Graham Phillips. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.)

The House in the Woods. By Arthur Henry. (A. S. Barnes and Company. \$1.50.)

The Romance of Piscator. By H. W. Lanier. (Henry Holt and Company. \$1.25.)

Millinery.

A WOMAN will go into a milliner's, and by mistake pick up a ten-dollar hat, and trying it on will think how well she looks in it, until the saleslady comes up and tells her that's an odd hat that was left over from last season, and then the woman will throw a silent fit, and with the remark that she was only looking around for something to wear to the market on rainy days, nod her head in a certain direction with unerring instinct, and say:

"Let me see that."

And the saleslady will thread her way through the orchard of nickel-plated trees, and taking down about eighty-five cents' worth of feathers and straw, aigrettes and beads and green basket-work and ostrich feathers and June roses, that's marked at fifty dollars because it's fresh from France, she will lift it on to the woman's head, with the aid of a helper, and say:

"There, madame, that's our latest importation. It certainly does look stunning on you."

And all the mirrors in the place will begin to reflect the glories of that hat,

and the woman will turn and twist, look at herself front and back and sideways, walk up and down, first on the starboard and then on the port tack, and hitch up her back hair and pat the sides, and concentrate her whole mind on the creation for as long as two minutes. And then she will say:

"No duplicates?"

And then the saleslady will draw herself up, with an air of injured pride, and exclaim:

"Oh, dear, no. There is nothing else like it, I assure you. It has only just arrived on the steamer. It conforms so nicely to the lines of your face. I don't think I have ever seen a toque that was so becoming."

And then the woman will sigh, and eventually size up her husband in the distance, and wonder if he can possibly stand it. And when at last she begins to hedge at the thought that, after all, there is a limit to Henry's endurance, she will say, with a voice of careless indifference:

"You might send it home on approval."

Which will evoke from the saleslady a pathetic but forbidding smile.

"I am afraid we cannot do that, madame, with this hat. I should like to oblige you, but it is entirely new, and we expect it to be sold before the day is over."

"Very well. Show me something else."

Every tree in the milliner's orchard is thereupon stripped of its foliage, and in the course of about an hour and thirty minutes the woman decides. All the mirrors settle back with groans of relief. The saleslady assures her that she has a great bargain. Nothing so good for the money has ever gone out of their establishment. And that evening, when Henry has settled back with his cigar, the woman will say:

"Henry, to-day I have made a great sacrifice for your sake. I saw a hat for fifty dollars that just exactly suited me. But I thought it was more than you could afford, so I didn't get it."

And Henry will straighten up and say:

"Fifty dollars for a hat! Well, I should say so! How much did you pay?"

"Well, guess."

"I should think you might have



T.W. READ

THE ONE WOMAN.

He: DID YOU EVER HEAR OF A WOMAN WHO DIDN'T TURN 'ROUND TO SEE WHAT THE OTHER WOMAN HAD ON?
"YES, I THINK SO. HER NAME WAS EVE."

gotten a good one for eight or ten."
"Now, don't be absurd."
"Well, how much?"
"Just think—only twenty-eight."
"Twenty-eight dollars for a hat!

My stars! Why, there isn't a hat in Christendom that's worth twenty-eight dollars. You never paid so much before."
And then the woman will put her arm

around him with a gentle smile as she replies:

"But you know, dear, that during the last year the prices of all necessities have risen." Addison Fox, Jr.

A Lively Parallel.

AL RASCHID, to tradition dear,
Possessed a careful Grand Vizier
Who kept his letters neat and nice,
Met visitors and gave advice,
And otherwise was useful too—
Like Secretary Cortelyou.

Al Raschid, journeying through the land,
Dropped wisdom's pearls on every hand,
Till Islam, with a deep salaam,
Cried, "Allah praise the epigram!"
But his Vizier just sat and drew
His salary—like Cortelyou.

When delegates of every sort
Came flocking to Al Raschid's court,
If there was anything that lacked
In smooth diplomacy and tact,
'Twas his Vizier who always knew—
Like Secretary Cortelyou.

A hundred poets sang the praise
Of great Al Raschid's golden days,
But few among the singers there
Observed the Man behind the Chair,
Who told the Sultan what to do—
Like Secretary Cortelyou.

But where would be the good Sul-tan
Without that quiet, handy man
To smooth his road, to ease his pains,
To open letters and campaigns?
I'll give the Grand Vizier his due—
And likewise Mr. Cortelyou.

Wallace Irwin.



GOOD FOR SOME THINGS.

ENCLOSED FIND PHOTO OF MYSELF, SHOWING YOU THE DEVELOPMENT OF MY MUSCLE AFTER EATING BUT TWO BOXES OF YOUR PREPARED FOOD.

· LIFE ·



THE GIRL WITH THE POMPADOUR.

Behold the towering structure on her head,
Its bold projection, ornate massiveness,
Its wide, commanding sweep, its grand facade,
Its style of architecture all her own;
A free commingling of the Gothic and
Ionic and Corinthian, whose lines
Compel the admiration of the throng
And hold the connoisseur in wond'ring thrall!
Imposing fabric! Edifice sublime!
Majestic pile! Skyscraper portable!
Made of materials unknowable,
And by her dainty fingers held in place
With frequent jabs, and pats, and taps, and shoves.
O pompadour, illimitable, vast,
Thou hairy tower of Pisa, feeble man
May not describe thee. 'Tis beyond his powers.
Lost in bewilderment and wonder, he
Can only stand off and admire thee!

—Chicago Tribune.

NEVER HEARD THE NAMES.

Two New York booksellers were riding down town recently and were reading "shop" gossip in the newspapers. A sporty-looking man sat just behind them. "Now, this paper," said the first bookseller, turning to his friend, "places 'The Virginian' first, 'Mrs. Wiggs' second, and"—

"Gentlemen," interrupted the sporting man, eagerly, "excuse me for butting in, but as I've followed this game for years I know what I'm saying. That dope sheet you hold is a pure fake. There are no such horses running; take my word for it."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

A HEARST EDITORIAL.

If Mr. Brisbane would allow me to write one of his editorials for him, I should contribute this:
LISTEN.

To the billion readers in our Hearst family, ONE WORD.

Let them EXAMINE this paper. They will find



ADVERTISEMENT—FOR EXCHANGE.

PRESENT HOLDER OF A SMALL PIECE OF REAL ESTATE
WILL EXCHANGE FOR PASSAGE TO NEW YORK—SAIL OR
STEAMER.

over a page of advertisements by quack doctors, of a kind which reputable papers will not print.

They will find masses of advertisements of patent medicines. One contains 44 per cent. of alcohol.

One, advertised as "safe," contains over 35. We KNOW they are poison.

We aid and abet clairvoyants, palmists, astrologers, and card-readers. Why do we carry all these schemes to CHEAT THE POOR?

Did you ever study proportion?

Neither has the poor savage of Australia; but we have, and our morality is determined by the ratio of cost to what we get out of it.

As it is in these petty swindles, so is it in the larger bunco games of politics.

We defend the poor when it PAYS.

We cheat the poor when it PAYS.

THINK IT OVER.—Norman Hapgood, in Collier's Weekly.

KNOWN HIS STATUS.

"Now, children," said a teacher in a Germantown school not long since, "let us see what you remember about the animal kingdom and the domestic animals that belong to it. You have named all the domestic animals but one; who can tell me what that one is?"

No one answered.

"It has bristly hair, likes the dirt and is fond of getting into the mud," hinted the teacher helpfully.

"Can't you think, Tommy?" she asked, encouragingly, of a small boy.

"It's me," said Tommy, reflectively.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"Is your seat comfortable, dear?" he asked, when they had got settled in the theatre.

"Yes, it is very nice," said the wife, smiling pleasantly.

"Feel any draught, dear?"

"Not a particle."

"No big hats in front of you, dear?"

"Not one."

"No posts in the way?"

"No; I'm very comfortable."

"Then change seats with me, dear!"—Yonkers Statesman.

LIFE is for sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

WILSON WHISKEY

That's All!

Hunter Whiskey

Leads in public favor solely on its quality,
age, purity, flavor, all as one in its

Perfection

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



COPYRIGHT, 1903, LIFE PUB. CO.

IN FULL COLOR

"The Moon and I"

AFTER

C. ALLAN GILBERT

Matted for Framing

\$1.00

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
17 West 31st Street, New York

The
Milo Egyptian
Cigarette
of Quality

At your
club or dealer's

AROMATIC DELICACY—
MILDNESS—PURITY

FIRST-CLASS HOTELS AND CLUBS, ON WHEELS—THE THROUGH TRAINS OF . . THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.

"FOLLOW THE FLAG."



**WABASH
TO THE
MAIN
ENTRANCE**

Information

If you are coming to the St. Louis World's Fair—the greatest exposition in history—there are a few things you should know. If you live anywhere East, North or West of St. Louis, you will save much time and inconvenience if you **Get a Ticket via the Wabash**—the only line with its own tracks direct into its own individual station, right at the Main Entrance to the World's Fair Grounds. Ticket agents of all lines will sell tickets to St. Louis at greatly reduced rates—via the **Wabash** if you ask them to—they will anyway if they want to do you a kindness.

Wabash Shuttle Trains between St. Louis Union Station and Wabash World's Fair Station at the Main Entrance to the World's Fair Grounds, leave every few minutes, making the run without stop in 15 minutes.

Our complete guide to the Exposition contains full information with a splendid map of the grounds, and is beautifully illustrated. It will be sent free on request and, if you ask it, with full information about your best route and the reduced rates. Write

C. S. CRANE, G. P. & T. A., WABASH RAILROAD, ST. LOUIS

ABBOTT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS

Make the best cocktail. A delightful aromatic for all wine, spirit and soda beverages. A tablespoonful in an ounce of sherry or sweetened water after meals, affords relief and aids digestion.

Important to see that it is Abbott's.

Write to-day for free catalogue

EASIER TO ROW

ABSOLUTELY SAFE



15 foot boat, crated **\$29.00**

No other Boat so desirable for Ladies and Children.

summer resorts, parks. Guaranteed. Will seat five persons in comfort. The modern row-boat for pleasure, safety and durability.

Mullins Unsinkable Steel Pleasure Boats

Made of steel. Practically indestructible. Air chamber each end. Cannot sink. Cannot leak. Requires no caulking. Ideal boat for family use, parks, resorts.

W. H. MULLINS, 600 Depot Street, Salem, Ohio



"GEM" SAFETY RAZOR

The only perfect self-shaving device. Leaves clean, smooth skin—no cuts. Always ready. Finest English Cutlery steel blades—tested.

Write for interesting **FREE** Booklet for shavers. Price, Razor Complete, \$2.00. Set in Morocco Case, containing 2 blades, \$3.50. Shaving Machine and Strop, \$2.00. At leading dealers or direct on receipt of price. **GEM CUTLERY CO., Dept. L, 34 Reade St., New York.**

The COLLIER TOURS (De Luxe)

Small groups, Summer and Fall, for

J A P A N

(Never so brilliantly interesting. Never more safe)

Round the World

IN THE EARLY FALL, with or without

J A V A and B U R M A

("ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY")

If you wish to see the fascinating lands of the Far East without a sense of responsibility; if you dislike the idea of being rushed through Japan and India in a crowd, and wish the privacy and personal attention impossible in a large party; and if you demand the very best in travel, ask for booklet B. Distinction, distinctiveness.

LEON L. COLLIER

368 Boylston Street, Boston

THE ONLY LINE USING
Oil Burning Locomotives
from Ocean to Ocean
IS THE.....

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

The Height of Hygienic Traveling
No Smoke! No Dust! No Cinders!
Clean, Cool, Comfortable

ALL THE WAY THROUGH
Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico,
Arizona and California

WRITE TO OR INQUIRE AT

170 Washington Street, Boston
109 South Third Street, Philadelphia
240 Broadway, New York
210 North Charles Street, Baltimore
129 South Franklin Street, Syracuse



SAD TRAGEDY OF THE BALTIMORE FIRE.

One animal went through the fire and came out alive, that was a cat. She was found in the cellar of the International Trust Building, which was in the center of the fire district. She was blind and most of her hair had been singed off, but she had her four kittens cuddled between her legs, and was licking them.—*Cat Journal*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South. *Booklet*.

A CHICAGO man predicts the end of the world in 1924. We haven't much faith in predictions of the end of the world. Very few of them ever come true.—*Kansas City Journal*.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

All the attractions of hotel life, with the comforts and privacy of home.

DURING a lesson on the animal kingdom, the teacher asked if any one could give an example of an animal of the order of *edentata*, that is, one which is without teeth.

"I can," cried Reginald, his face beaming with the pleasure of assured knowledge.

"Well, what is it?" said the teacher.
"Grandpa!" he shouted.—*Illustrated London News*.

LONG-HAIRED Persian Cats. Pedigree furnished. Mrs. Caroline, 99 Lee Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

LINCOLN's humor got him out of trying situations, and tempered his refusal of favors, as happened during the Civil War, when a gentleman asked him for a pass through the Federal lines to Richmond. "I should be happy to oblige you," said Lincoln, "if my passes were respected. But the fact is, within the last two years I have given passes to Richmond to a quarter of a million of men, and not one has got there yet."—*Argonaut*.

FONSECA? (Imported Cigars.)

"Don't you feel kind of lonesome since the Legislature adjourned?"

"Well," answered the business man, "it's a good deal with me as it was with a man who had a pet lion that got lost. I feel a little lonesome, but not near so scared."—*Washington Star*.

Most delightful vacation spots in New York State reached by the Delaware & Hudson Railway—Saratoga Springs, Lake George, Lake Champlain, the Adirondacks, Ausable Chasm, Sharon Springs. Send for descriptive booklet to J. W. Burdick, C. P. A., Albany, N. Y.

"How is it young De Slam has become so unpopular lately?"

"He accepted an invitation to a bridge-party, and won some of his hostess's money."—*London Tatler*.

THE present race-meeting at Sheepshead Bay is proving to be the greatest in the history of the American turf. The "sport of kings" has never before in this country been on such a high plane of honesty and fairness, and the public has been quick to recognize the fact by increased interest in and patronage of racing. The meetings of the Coney Island Jockey Club have always had a social prestige of their own, and this is the banner year of the Club's existence, both in the quality and quantity of the attendance at its races. The present meeting continues daily until July 5th, inclusive, and there are yet to be decided such famous turf events as The Great Trial Stakes, The Double Event, The Independence Steeplechase, and that classic feature, The Lawrence Realization.

THE Czar of Russia reviewed 50,000 troops the other day. The dispatches say they presented a fine appearance. They had not met the Japs.—*The Chicago Record-Herald*.

"when you do drink, drink Trimble"

"To drink to-night, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the breakers'
brim,
And break on the lips while meeting."

A pure rye,
10 years old, aged
by time,
not artificially.

Trimble
Whiskey
Green Label.

Sole Proprietors,
WHITE, HENTZ & CO.,
Phila. & New York.
ESTABLISHED 1793.

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

WE PAY POST-AGE. All you have guessed about life insurance may be wrong. If you wish to know the truth, send for "How and Why," issued by the **PENN MUTUAL LIFE.** 921-35 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Do You Use Face Powder

H. & H. Velvet Powder Paper is a fragrant, absorbent powder leaflet in book form, which does away with powder-puff and chamols. When passed over the face removes dust, perspiration and oily substances from the skin, producing a beautiful pearly complexion. Carried in pocket-book; used without mirror or attracting attention; does not spill powder on dress. Cool and refreshing for gentlemen after shaving. Absolutely pure and healthful. By mail 10 cents per book. 3 for 25 cents, post-paid. In white and pink. Sold at all Department Stores. **ACTIVE AGENTS WANTED.**

HENDERSON & HENDERSON, Inc., Dept. 50, Buffalo, N. Y.

HAY FEVER and **ASTHMA** cured to stay **CURED.** BOOK 24 Free. P. Harold Hayes, Buffalo, N. Y.

Whitman's

Chocolates and Confections

Rule in their own sweet way over the heart of every lover of fine candy.

Sold everywhere.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
1816 Chestnut St., Phila.

The Car of Highest Grade

Among all means of travel—and among all automobiles—the Cadillac stands pre-eminent as a hill-climber. A locomotive can go up a 10% grade; a trolley car 15%; a bicyclist, if his wheel be not geared too high, 20%; a horse with a light carriage 25%; A

CADILLAC

45%

Hill-climbing ability is attainable thro low gearing—speed with hill-climbing ability only thro a plenitude of power. 30 miles an hour with four passengers is easy for the Cadillac—and easy on the passengers. Smooth riding, powerful, absolutely dependable, the Cadillac is a car surprising alike in performance and in cost.

Prices range from \$750 for Model A Runabout to \$900 for Model B Touring Car or Surrey. If you'll ask us we will be glad to send Booklet B—a complete exposition of Cadillac excellence. We'll also tell you of a nearby agency where demonstrations are given—for most Cadillacs are sold by being seen and tried.

CADILLAC AUTOMOBILE CO., Detroit, Mich.
Member Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.



Patronize American industries. Wear a

KNOX HAT

the creation par excellence of the nation.
Agencies in all the principal cities in the world.

CHICAGO TO CALIFORNIA IN THREE DAYS

VIA
UNION PACIFIC

AND
SOUTHERN PACIFIC

SHORTEST ROUTE
FASTEST TIME
SMOOTHEST TRACK

Electric Lighted Trains Daily

E. L. LOMAX, G. P. & T. A.
UNION PACIFIC
Omaha, Neb.

Skin Diseases

of the most stubborn and chronic kind
are promptly relieved and eventually
cured by the use of

Hydrozone

This powerful germicide is absolutely harmless. It has cured cases pronounced incurable and will cure you. By killing the germs that cause skin diseases, it allows Nature to restore a healthy skin. Used and endorsed by leading physicians everywhere for the last 12 years. Booklet on request.

Sold by leading druggists or trial bottle sent prepaid on receipt of 25 cents.

Prof. Charles H. Harsch

Dept. D, 60 Prince St., New York.

MORTON TRUST COMPANY

38 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK

Capital, - - - \$2,000,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$6,000,000

OFFICERS:

Levi P. Morton, President. H. M. Francis, Secretary.
Thomas F. Ryan, Vice-Pres. Charles A. Conant, Treasurer.
Charles H. Allen, Vice-Pres. T. B. Minahan, Asst. Treasurer.
James K. Corbiere, Vice-Pres. H. B. Berry, Trust Officer.

Counsel: ELIHU ROOT

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

Levi P. Morton James N. Jarvie
Thomas F. Ryan George Foster Peabody
Edward J. Berwind Elihu Root
G. G. Haven Jacob H. Schiff
Harry Payne Whitney

WASSERMANN BROTHERS

BANKERS AND BROKERS

27 William St. and 40 Exchange Place, New York

Members of { New York Stock Exchange
New York Coffee Exchange
Chicago Board of Trade

BRANCH OFFICES:

Astor Court (Waldorf-Astoria Hotel).
Windsor Arcade, corner 46th St. and 5th Ave.
Imperial Hotel.
Fifth Avenue Hotel.
Café Martin, Fifth Ave. and 26th St.
Ocean Avenue, West End, N. J., during Summer months.



A VALUABLE PUBLICATION.

The Pennsylvania Railroad 1904 Summer Excursion
Route Book.

On June 1 the Passenger Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will publish the 1904 edition of the Summer Excursion Route Book. This work is designed to provide the public with descriptive notes of the principal Summer resorts of Eastern America, with the best routes for reaching them, and the rates of fare. It contains all the principal seashore and mountain resorts of the East, and over seventeen hundred different routes or combinations of routes. The book has been compiled with the greatest care, and altogether is the most complete and comprehensive handbook of Summer travel ever offered to the public.

The cover is handsome and striking, printed in colors, and the book contains several maps, presenting the exact routes over which tickets are sold. The book is profusely illustrated with fine half-tone cuts of scenery at the various resorts and along the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

On and after June 1 this very interesting book may be procured at any Pennsylvania Railroad ticket office at the nominal price of ten cents, or, upon application to Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa., by mail for twenty cents.

Stop on Sight

of a sign bearing the legend

Evans' Ale



and refresh the
inner man.

"A charm of narration that is exhilarating."

—Baltimore Herald.



I will enjoy myself.—Horace.

THE VILLA CLAUDIA

By J. A. Mitchell, author of "Amos Judd,"
"The Last American," "The Pine of Lory," etc. Fifty decorative designs. With all Booksellers and

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

\$1.50

OLD CROW RYE STRAIGHT WHISKEY

H. B. KIRK & CO.,
SOLE BOTTLEERS, NEW YORK.

WARNING!

The following Manufacturers and Importers are licensed under the pioneer patent No. 549,160, granted to George B. Selden, dated November 5th, 1895, on

Gasolene Automobiles

In view of their license agreement they and their agents will not sell, keep on hand, or in any manner dispose of or deal in directly or indirectly any unlicensed new or second-hand gasolene vehicles, infringing said Selden patent.

MANUFACTURERS:

Electric Vehicle Co.
Winton Motor Carriage Co.
Packard Motor Car Co.
Olds Motor Works
Knox Automobile Co.
The Haynes-Apperson Co.
The Autocar Co.
The George N. Pierce Co.
Apperson Bros. Automobile Co.
Locomobile Co. of America
The Peerless Motor Car Co.
Standard Motor Construction Co.
Waltham Manufacturing Co.
Pope Motor Car Co.
J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co.

H. H. Franklin Mfg. Co.
Smith & Mabley, Inc.
The Commercial Motor Co.
Berg Automobile Co.
Cadillac Automobile Co.
Northern Mfg. Co.
Pope-Robinson Co.
The Kirk Mfg. Co.
Elmore Mfg. Co.
E. R. Thomas Motor Co.
Buffalo Gasolene Motor Co.
The F. B. Stearns Co.
Pope Manufacturing Co.
Sandusky Automobile Co.
Crest Manufacturing Co.

IMPORTERS:

Smith & Mabley, Inc.
Central Automobile Co.
Alexander Fischer
Hollander & Taugeman

Standard Automobile Co.
E. B. Gallaher
Auto Import Co.
F. A. LaRoche Co.
Sidney B. Bowman Automobile Co.

Both the basic Selden patent and more than 100 other patents owned by members of this Association will be enforced against infringers. Manufacturers, Importers, Dealers and Agents, also Users of unlicensed machines are liable.

ASSOCIATION OF LICENSED AUTOMOBILE MANUFACTURERS
No. 7 EAST 42d STREET, NEW YORK

The Adirondacks' Most Favored Resort
Hotel Ampersand
and Cottages
On LOWER SARANAC LAKE
OPENS JUNE 25th



An ideal mountain and lake resort. A most attractive place for young people. Fine Golf Course and Club House. Fishing, Swimming, Rowing, Tennis and Dancing. Superior Music. Post, Telegraph and Long Distance Telephone offices in hotel.

G. S. MOULTON, Manager,
Ampersand, Franklin County, N. Y.

Why not

"The D.H."

to the
Adirondacks
The Delaware
& Hudson

The Summer Resort Line and
New Standard Route between
NEW YORK and LAKE PLACID

VIA SARATOGA, SKIRTING THE
WEST SHORE OF LAKE CHAM-
PLAIN, THROUGH PULLMANS, DIN-
ING, CAFE AND OBSERVATION CARS.

Lake George, Ausable Chasm,
Hotel Champlain, Lake
Champlain, Sharon Springs,
Cooperstown, and all Adiron-
dack Resorts

Anthracite Coal Used—No Smoke nor Dust
Shortest, Quickest and Best Line Be-
tween New York and Montreal

Illustrated guide to the Northern Resorts sent on receipt of
4 cents postage.

J. W. BURDICK
General Passenger Agent, Albany, N. Y.

Information and Ticket Offices, 21 Cortlandt Street.



MARTELL'S
THREE STAR
AND
LIQUEUR
BRANDIES

GENUINE OLD BRANDIES
MADE FROM WINE

AT ALL CAFÉS AND RESTAURANTS

G. S. NICHOLAS, SOLE AGENT
43 BEAVER STREET NEW YORK